Breanna's Mom Is Terminally Bland

I notice while performing errands for my ex-neighbor/sister-in-law that she has two cans of brown spray paint on the kitchen table.

Our eyes see more than our brains report to our present selves or our memory retrieval systems. A lifetime of learning what we consider useful automatically focuses on pieces of the data gathered in the visual spectrum. From the moment we first open our eyes until we last close them, we are beholding what our computer monitors insist are millions of colors - unless you are one of the eighty percent of the world's male population that experiences some degree of dyschromia. (I am not.)

Everything in our open eyes' field of view is seen even if it isn't focused on. Of these things, so many are brown.

All of the people are brown, even the albino ones. We do not live in the Marvel universe - there are no white or black people, and if there were those persons would never be allowed to mate and have offspring because their progeny would look like those little grey aliens from the X-Files, and that would not be acceptable.

(Didn't see that one coming, did you?)

Almost everything you eat turns out brown. Most of the dirt is brown. Most of the trees are brown. Most of your lawn is brown, now. Most of the buildings are brown, inside and out. A portion of the cars are brown. Most of the water is brown before it ends up in temporarily clear plastic bottles conspiring to invade your brain and give you Alzheimer's. Even the sky is often brown, depending on what city you live in.

One third or more of everything you will ever see in your entire lifetime is brown.

But that's not enough for Pamela Jo. She needs more things to be brown. But she also wants to destroy the environment in more ways that just using highly synthetic colorings. She needs highly toxic aerosol propellants to shoot extremely small amounts of nearly forever chemicals on something that doesn't resemble shit yet, and if she could spend far more for those tiny amounts of shit-colored paint than the equivalent in non-aerosol form, that would be perfect, like she designed this entire process herself.

A waste wasting until everything else is waste.

(Spellcheck did not like that last sentence, or this one for that matter. Me and spellcheck have an antagonistic relationship.)

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Such is her well-deserved punishment here in hell.